the mountains here in Papeari to this lovely bay,
and there, rising high in the hot and scented air
from the tangle of lush grass and matted vine and
creeper, you will see the forest giants which they
hewed with stone adzes for their canoes. Great
double canoes seventy to a hundred feet long,
double-masted, capable of carrying fifty fighting
men, they made—the labour of a tribe for months
or years—launched with sacrifice and prayer, loved
with the hearts of sailors born, and served with the
thews of as physically fine a race as Earth ever bred.
No wonder that when such craft were named and
took the water they passed for ever into song and
story as did the dragon ships of our own viking
ancestors. With the statues of the gods in the
prow, provisioned with cooked bread-fruit paste
and fern-root cakes which would keep a year,
under huge matting sails when possible or driven

ceaselessly by strong arms, they dared voyages
the equal or superior of those of Rollo the North-
man or Vasco da Gama or Columbus. They had
no compass, but they read the stars as a woman
reads the face of the man she loves ; and in the
end they learned the paths of the trackless Pacific